Nur. *Tybalt* is gone and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kild him he is banished.
Iuli. O God, did *Romeos* hand shead *Tibalts* bloud?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer draggon keepe so faire a Caue?
Bewtifull tirant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue featherd raue, woluish rauening lamb,
Despised substance of diuinest showe:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimme saint, an honourable villaine:
O nature what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend,
In mortall paradise of such sweete flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? ô that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgious Pallace.
Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periurde, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iu. Blisterd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For tis a throane where honour may be crownd
Sole Monarch of the vniuersal earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?
Nur. Wil you speak wel of him that kild your cozin?
Iu. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue shal smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didst, thou kill my Cozin?
That villaine Cozin would haue kild my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your natiue spring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue slaine,
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue slain my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some word there was, worser then *Tybalts* death
That murdred me, I would forget it faine,
But oh it presses to my memorie,
Like damned guiltie deeds to sinners mindes,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranckt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue moued,
But with a rearward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is banished: to speake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother Nurse?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* course,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Wash they his wounds with teares? mine shall be
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* banishment. (spent,
Take vp those cordes, poore ropes you are beguilde,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exilde:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widowed.
Come cordes, come Nurse, ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

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